Eng. Poetry vol 37.

Beef *and* Butt Beer,

AGAINST

Mum *and* Pumpernickle.

H--n--r SCRUBS,

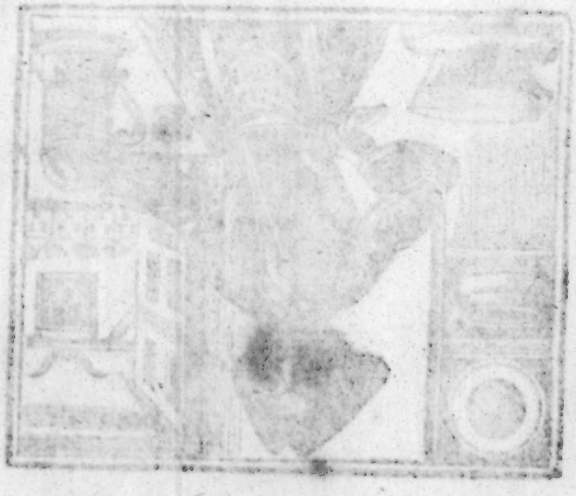
OR, A

Bumper to Old *England*,--*Huzza*.

A DRINKING SONG.

Printed for *B. C.* in *Pater-noſter-Row*, 1743.

[Price Six-pence.]



BEEF and BUTT BEER,

AGAINST

Mum and Pumpernickle.

I.

IN good King *G*- - -'s golden Days,
Whoe'er advis'd the King, Sir,
To give to *H*- - - *r* the Bays,
Deſerv'd a hempen String, Sir.
For this is true, I will maintain,
Give *H*——*r* away, Sir,
Or whatſoever K- - -g ſhall reign,
Will ne'er have a happy Day, Sir.

II.

Old *England* has been always thought
The Land of Milk and Honey;
And *H*——*r* not worth a Groat,
Till fill'd with *Engliſh* Money.
From whence this Truth I will maintain,
Give, &c.

III.

III.

Who that drinks *Calvert*'s *Butt* ſo clear,
For muddy *Mum* wou'd ſtickle?
Or to our *Engliſh* Beef prefer
Sour Grout and * Pumpernickle?
Then who will not this Truth maintain,
Give, &c.

IV.

'Tis *England*'s Boys that humble *France*,
And always have defy'd her:
But *H----r* wou'd ne'er advance,
Unleſs to run, or hide her.
Then who will not this Truth maintain,
Give, &c.

V.

Bold *Stair* in Smoke and Thunder ſee,
His half-ſtarv'd *Britons* rallies;
While *Ilton* ſafe behind a Tree
Preſerves our well-fed Allies.
Then this is true, I will maintain,
Give, &c.

* *German* brown Bread.

VI.

They'll never quit their Friends an Inch,
While you have Coin or Cattle;
Unleſs you want 'em at a Pinch,
For Help in Day of Battle.
Then who this Truth will not maintain,
Give, &c.

VII.

Since *England* never long can bear
Alone to pay and fight, Sir,
That *H---n—ns* the Prize ſhould wear,
Who only run and ſhite, Sir.
That they may ſoon be ſplit in twain,
Let all the People pray, Sir,
To crown K---g *G----ge*'s golden Reign
With many a happy Day, Sir.

H--n--r SCRUBS,

OR, A

Bumper to Old *England*,---*Huzza*.

A Drinking-Song.

I.

HERE's a Health to the King and ſpeedy Peace,
Let *H--n--r* be damn'd, ſo our Taxes ſhall ceaſe:
And he that does this Health deny,
Down among the dead Men,
Down among the dead Men,
Down, down,
Down, down,
Down among the dead Men let him lye.

II.

The *Engliſh* too much of their Courage have ſhown,
In Fighting of Battles, tho' none of their own:
Tho' they fought their own Cauſe, and receiv'd *Engliſh* [Pay,
The Scrub *H—ve——ns* all Ran away,
Scrub, Scrub,
Scrub, Scrub,
The Scrub *H--ve--ns*, &c.

III. Our

III.

Our Men almoſt ſtarv'd, yet in Heart were full ſtout,
They repuls'd, they attack'd, and the *French* put to Rout;
The *H--n--s* tho' cram'd to the Eyes with good Food,
Fac'd about to the Right, and ſneak'd into the Wood,
Sneak'd, ſneak'd,
Sneak'd, ſneak'd,
Fac'd about to the Right, *&c.*

IV.

Their Bellies ſo full, too unweildly to Fight,
For Decency they ſtep'd aſide for to Sh——e;
Tho' ſome have affirm'd that as ſure as a Gun,
'Twas Fear made 'em Sh-- e, 'twas Fear made 'em Run,
Run, Run,
Run, Run,
'Twas Fear made 'em Sh——te, *&c.*

V.

Our Money they take, but our Orders refuſe,
Our Officers inſult, and the Soldiers abuſe,
In the Houſe when their Queſtion this Seſſions does go,
With a *Nemine Con.* let the Word then be No,
No, No,
No, No,
With a *Nemine Con.* &c.

VI.

From Patriots falſe, and from treacherous Friends,
From all dirty Jobbs, for *H- - n - - r* Ends;
May Old *England* be Free, for ever and aye,
So Old *England* for ever— a Bumper - - - Huzza,
Huzza, Huzza,
Huzza, Huzza,
So Old *England* for ever, *&c.*

FINIS.